

Hamburg Day at the Lyne
"TEA DAY" AT LYNE GALLERY Exhibition

HAMBURG DAY WILL BE SATURDAY, AUGUST FIRST.

"This 'Tea Day' at Lyme is the loveliest art function I have ever seen - nothing like it in the country". A spontaneous speech from a metropolitan art critic goes for something. ^{who} He sat under one of the big trees in front of the Gallery, his fingers playing with a rose ~~xxxxxxxx~~ zinnia in the bowl at his table, and looked at the perfect garden of color swaying in yellow-green light.

"Don't you like Mr. Abrams' "Dahlias"?"

"Do you know the young woman in white....embroidered organdie, I guess it is?"....?"

"That must be Mr. Dittler just coming.....he looks exactly like his picture", and the young lady rushed forward to tell the violinist, also member of the music faculty at Columbia, that Mr. Olinsky hadn't overestimated his appearance.

".....I thought it was a woman hanging on the wall but she was on the floor and it was all red carpet. That's Matisse! " Bruce Crane had been trapped into an opinion of modern art.

Inside the Gallery Mr. Frank Bicknell, questioned why he didn't paint more still lifes like his "Venetian Glass" instead of landscapes, answered carefully, "A still life for me must have beautiful objects....and then it is static. The landscape....", he paused a moment, " the landscape is never still, never the same. That's a fine still life." He was standing in front of Tosca Olinsky's "Madonna". Later a New York woman wanted to know if the figure in that picture was Mexican and Miss Olinsky told her simply "Italian".

Miss Florence Griswold gave as much time as she could to each of the many people who wanted to talk to her, happy because everyone thought it a good show, some even, like Miss Alice Lawton of the Boston Sunday Post, counting it an advance over last year's. One young woman meeting Miss Griswold for the first time tried to tell ^a her friend about it. " When you meet people like ~~Miss Griswold~~ her... .. if I don't think I ever did before,....everything seems different."

A comment overheard on Mr. Thomas Watson Ball's "Midnight" might ~~xxxx~~ have pleased the artist had he been able to attend.

"That's the nicest boat picture! It's creepy, like "Outward Bound",.....~~you saw~~ the play?"

Until six o'clock conversation scarcely stopped ~~for~~ even for the refreshments and excellent punch Mrs. Oscar Fehrer was dispensing, and it will take up again at the next "Tea Day". The Exhibition continues through September 12, and the Gallery will be open every weekday from nine until six and from one until six on Sunday.

HAMBURG DAY

~~xxxx~~ Saturday, August first, will be Hamburg Day, the proceeds of which are set aside each year for the benefit of the Hamburg Library. A committee in charge of Mrs. Will S. Taylor and Mrs. Wilson Irvine are arranging for a specially attractive tea, because the well-equipped little room ~~xxxx~~ ~~xxxx~~ ~~xxxx~~, now containing between three and four thousand volumes, is a favorite project. It is housed in the church and, while open only a few afternoons a week, is available at all times for any urgent call.

LYME GALLERY OPENS WITH LARGE ATTENDANCE

HAMBURG DAY NEXT SATURDAY

By

Mary Lawther Barrett

The first "Tea Day" of the season at the Lyme Art Association Gallery, with a larger attendance than last year, was a fete of remarkable beauty, matching any such function anywhere according to several critics who were present and who have travelled far.

Mr. and Mrs. William O. Goodman, of Chicago and Westport, received their many friends at a long table near the doorway of the Gallery. Before them, the pageantry of summer and wide buoyant gowes, flower-covered tables, ~~xxxxxxx~~ umbrellas lay a bright girdle across the grass. Important ~~xxxxxxx~~ as a ~~xx~~ spectacle, the occasion had for layman and artist a greater value - the stimulus of contact with serious personalities and of friendly discussion and argument.

The Exhibition continues through September 12, and the Gallery will be open every week day from nine until six and from one until six on Sunday.

HAMBURG DAY

after the reception and tea of the opening day
set for next
Hamburg Day will be the next social event at the Gallery, Saturday, August first, when a committee under the direction of ~~Mrs. Wilson~~ Will S. Taylor and Mrs. Wilson Irvine will serve tea for the benefit of the Hamburg Library. Many of

the most important social event of the Exhibition period

the Lyme artists live in Hamburg and, annually, the proceeds help
 of one "Tea Day" ~~to~~ to maintain and ~~enrich~~ enrich the
 well-equipped little room which already~~xxx~~ contains over
 three thousand volumes.

Coming upon Hamburg for the first time, preferably
 in an aimless stroll along the six miles of road that lead
 out to it from Lyme, ~~xxxxxxxxxxx~~ one feels he has entered
 a dream, a place where all ancient beautiful things last
 forever. How still it is and how full of perfume! Flowers
 crowd over the porches of old houses, shine pink among the
 stone piles that fence the slanting fields, stand clear ~~in~~
~~the~~ sunlight in many an old-fashioned garden.

3 Even the people seem unreal, fixed in a ~~xxxx~~
 moment of peace. "No wonder", the stranger thinks, "that
 artists live here where turmoil and confusion and malice
 must be impossible". It is all old - oxen working in the
 fields, antique cider presses and gray-covered wells -
~~xxxxxxx~~
~~xxxxxxx~~ and yet full of
 vitality. Many canvases in the Lyme Exhibition and "Hamburg
 Day" itself show the temper of the community.

###

2
Mrs Wilson Irvine, wife of the
eminent painter of that name, assisted by
Mrs Wm S Taylor, another ^{prominent} artist's wife,
will be hostesses at the tea
and reception which marks this
annual Event. The proceeds of
which go to the extension and
support of the Hamburg Library

coming upon it suddenly for the first time, it ----

hills at the head of the cove about six miles from Old Lyme.

Here roads slip over gently rolling country, between irregular

stone fences, past wide old-fashioned farmhouses. Sometimes

a drove of oxen breaks the universal stillness with the soft

shuffle and stamp of their feet in the sand, for the old ways

have not been abandoned. (You may still find the old cider-